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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## Mistress Dorothy's Thanksgiving Day.

Squire Ephraim Drew and his good wife Prue  
They invited some guests to dine,  
And drink to the health of the common-wealth  
In a glass of Thanksgiving wine.

Said Ephraim Drew to his good wife Prue,  
"When asking Judge Jonathan Drake  
We'll ask the young man, his son Jonathan,  
For my daughter Dorothy's sake."

The guests came at last to the Squire's re-  
past,  
Receiving a welcome bland,  
And Dorothy blushed as Jonathan brushed  
With his lips her lily-white hand.

With wondering eyes, at the turkey's size  
The guests did exclaim and admire;  
There were dainties beside, boiled, baked,  
steamed and fried,  
And a big plum-pudding on fire.

To Jonathan's plate by a lucky fate,  
It chanced that the wishbone fell;  
Then softly said he to fair Dorothy,  
"My lot shall this wishbone tell."

I'll wish you and I, when a year slips by,  
May dine on Thanksgiving day,  
With none to overhear, or to interfere,  
And with all but ourselves away."

Then they broke the bone; with a stifled  
groan  
He lost, and sighed heavily  
To note the glad smile that she wore the  
while,  
So he asked what her wish might be.

She blushed rosy red; "Well I thought,"  
she said,  
"Least you lose t'w're surer this way:—  
Forme to wish too, that your wish come  
true,  
Your wish for next Thanksgiving day."  
Laura Spencer Porter, in Harper's Bazaar.

## THANKS ON THE FLY.

It was about noon of Thanksgiv-  
ing Day when the waiter of the  
dining car of the Big Streten line  
went through the train distributing  
bills of fare and announcing that  
dinner was now ready.

The first passenger to respond to  
the invitation was a prosperous  
looking man in one of the forward  
cars. He hurried into the dining  
car, took a seat looking rearward,  
polished his glasses before he poised  
them on his nose, and then  
looked intently aft as if expecting  
some one.

Soon two other men entered: the  
prosperous-looking man stopped  
them as they were passing him,  
and he said:

"Gentleman, misery loves com-  
pany, and as we're all away from  
home on Thanksgiving Day, I sup-  
pose we're all more or less miser-  
able. Won't you sit right here?"

The later arrival sized up the  
speaker a moment; then one of  
them said: "You bet!" while the  
other remarked:

"It'll take a pretty good dinner  
to keep me from going on being  
sorry that I'm not at home."

"Just my fix," said the prosper-  
ous-looking man. "I've never be-  
fore been away from home on  
Thanksgiving Day. I've had all  
sorts of homes, and all sorts of  
dinners, but no matter what they  
were they were with the folks, and  
the folks are what I live for."

"There's no place like home,"  
responded the man who said "You  
bet;" the other man said:

"Maybe we need a disappoint-  
ment once in a while to make us  
realize what comforts we have, and  
are not properly thankful enough  
for."

"Just so," added the prosper-  
ous-looking man, then he arose sud-  
denly, put his hand on the shoulder  
of a timid-looking little man who  
had entered and seated himself in  
the inner corner seat of the last table,  
and looked as if he had telescoped  
his spinal column so as to take as  
little room and seem as inconspic-  
uous as possible.

"I beg your pardon sir," said the  
prosperous-looking man, "but this  
isn't the day when any man away  
from home ought to be alone, if he  
can help it. I and two other gentle-  
men, strangers to me, need a fourth  
to fill the table; we would like you  
to join us."

"I—ah—I shall want a mere mouth-  
ful," was the reply, "and, as you're  
so kind, it is only fair for me to  
say that I'm afraid I would not be  
very good company, I've things on  
my mind that—"

"My dear sir, so have I—I'd  
like to cry this very moment.  
Miser loves company. Do join us.  
Eat as little or as much as you  
like, and talk or not, as you please."

The little man looked timidly  
toward the table where the two  
other men sat, looked up at the  
man who invited him, and then fol-  
lowed him.

"Now, gentlemen," said the

prosperous looking man, "none of  
you know me, and I'm nobody in  
particular, anyhow, but I want to  
say in self-defense that I've noth-  
ing to sell—not to day—I've no  
checks that I want to cash, and I'm  
not going to suggest a games after  
dinner. Hoping that these re-  
marks will disarm suspicion, I  
want to beg of you as a special  
favor that you will let me be host  
to-day. The differences will be of  
little consequence one way or  
the other to your pockets or mine; but  
it will be a great comfort to my  
heart. As I said before. I never  
before was away from home on  
Thanksgiving Day. I'm proud to  
say, further, that I and my folks  
have always kept open house on  
Thanksgiving Day. Sometimes  
there wasn't much to do it with.

I remember one year when the best  
that we could offer the passerby  
was parched corn and frosted per-  
simmons; but some of them en-  
joyed it, so it went right to mother's  
heart—God bless her! Everybody  
ought to do something for his  
fellow creatures on a day like this,  
and what I have asked for will  
be a great favor to me. You won't  
refuse, will you? Of course you  
won't. Don't make any mistake  
about me; I'm not purse-proud  
and I'm not putting on airs; but  
the better dinner I can set up to-  
day the happier I'll feel, and all of  
you know that it isn't often that  
you can make a fellow-being happy  
with so little bother to yourselves."

"You've got a master way of  
puttin' things, my friend," said  
one of the party. "I call you my  
friend, because I've eaten parched  
corn an' persimmons myself, an'  
been mighty glad to get 'em. I'll  
stand by you, an' pass the kind-  
ness along the next Thanksgiving!  
I find myself at home. Gosh! if I  
could be there now!"

So say I, for myself," remarked  
another. "I believe there is some  
good reason for all of our dis-  
appointments, but it does make me  
wretched to be away from home to-  
day."

"You gentleman," said the little  
man, "have voiced my feelings  
most accurately. I am so full of  
trouble!"

"A full stomach is a good anti-  
dote, to a certain extent," said the  
self-appointed host. "Our troubles  
will wait for us; but don't let's let  
the dinner wait, for it may get cold.  
Here, waiter!"

The host ordered four portions of  
almost everything on the bill of  
fare; then he ordered a couple of  
bottles of the most expensive claret  
on the list, two bottles of cider,  
and begged his guests to take  
whatever else might be their cus-  
tomary drink.

The dinner soon began to unlock  
the hearts, as well as the tongues,  
of the quartet, and all began to dis-  
close the matters which were upper-  
most in their minds.

"I'd be at home to-day," said  
one, "If my brother, away off in  
York State, hadn't telegraphed me  
that one of his wild boys was going  
to make a runaway marriage down  
here, and he wanted me, for the  
family's sake, to stop him if I could."

"That's queer," said another of the  
guests. "I'm on something of the  
kind myself—not the same case, of  
course. One of my wife's sisters,  
as nice a girl as I ever knew, is  
teaching school about fifty miles  
east of here, and wrote us a few days  
ago that she was going to get  
married. She didn't seem to know  
much about the man, and she's  
under age, anyhow, according to  
law; and my wife isn't well enough  
to travel, and she's been lying  
awake nights to think about it and  
worry about it, so I've had to  
neglect my business and come off  
here on the chance of persuading  
the girl that she's making a mistake,  
perhaps. I suppose all of you know  
what sort of a job it is to reason  
with a very young woman who's got  
her heart set upon one man in  
particular. The more character  
she's got, the more likely she is to  
make a fool of herself."

"H'm!" said the host. "Did  
you ever notice that when you were  
out of sorts and felt cross every-  
body you met seemed in the same  
condition? Turn up at the bank  
some morning with a small balance  
and a big note you want to have  
discounted, and every man you  
meet there is in exactly the same

fix. Now, ridiculous as it may  
seem. I'm out this morning on the  
same sort of a job as you two  
gentlemen. One of my clerks, a  
bright enough fellow but not exact  
trustworthy, failed to turn up this  
morning; so did some of my money.  
I don't care for the cash, but I  
heard that he had girl on the brain  
and had been boasting that he  
would be married within a week to  
the handsomest girl in the State.  
I don't want any girl to take up for  
life with a criminal, and I do think  
the fellow might be pulled into  
shape if I were to give him some  
special attention. Hang the hurry  
of business! It makes a man care-  
less about those he might have the  
greatest influence over. I suppose,  
though, there's nothing wonderful  
about the coincidence that three  
of us are on the same kind of jobs.  
Young people will be fools, es-  
pecially when they think they're in  
love."

The little, timid man said noth-  
ing, but he looked very thoughtful  
and he took the smallest possible  
mouthfuls of food.

"I'll pull through if I find the  
girl," said the prospective  
bride's brother-in-law, "for when  
she knows she's under age and the  
marriage won't be legal accord-  
ing to the laws of this State, she'll  
have sense enough to halt."

"You bet I'll pull through if I  
get hold of the boy!" said the wild  
youth's uncle. "If I get my hands  
on him, I'll most everlastingly  
shake the liver pin out of him."

"I don't know what a liver-pin  
is," said the host, "but I should  
judge that a young man without  
one would scarcely feel like taking  
any important step in life. Well,  
gentleman, fill your glasses. Here's  
to the young fools: May they learn  
some day how much trouble they  
make for those who love them  
best."

All the glasses were drained,  
even that of the timid little man,  
which contained only water. At the  
same time there trickled into it  
some drops of water from the timid  
little man's eyes. Other drops  
started from the same fountains,  
and the party noticed them, so the  
little man said:

"Gentlemen, I have been called  
to another State to solemnize a  
marriage, one of the parties to  
which I know very well, and what  
you have been saying troubles my  
mind sadly. Suppose the parties  
should be any of the couples of  
whom you have been speaking?"

"Well, parson," replied the host,  
"the law really doesn't compel you  
to marry people whom you should  
not marry, does it?"

"No, sir but suppose—"

There seemed some difficulty  
about concluding the sentence, so  
the host remarked:

"An' well, let's hope that yours  
won't be a case of that kind.  
Gentlemen, fill your glasses again.  
'Tis Thanksgiving Day: let's be as  
happy as we can in the circum-  
stances. We're alive; there's good  
cheer before us, and as to trouble,  
why, hang it! if it weren't for  
trouble none of us would know  
where to find the best stuff that's  
in him. Here's to our dear ones!"

Then the host told a story of a  
day when there seemed an empty  
table in prospect for him and his  
wife, and they had agreed to feast  
on kisses and hope, when suddenly  
they were invited out by the man  
with whom the present host after-  
ward began business life in earnest,  
so they kept the kisses and hope for  
a second dessert, to be enjoyed in  
their little one-room home. This  
reminded one of the guests of a  
Thanksgiving dinner he had eaten  
in the army dinner the civil war—  
a dinner at which he found the  
meat spoiled and the bread sour.  
So he gave his last dime to an old  
colored woman to bake him a hoe-  
cake, and then had to invite the  
baker to dine with him, for the  
cake took the last cornmeal she  
had in the house, and she had noth-  
ing else to eat, or any place at  
which to buy at short notice.

This reminded another guest of a  
dinner where the bottled cider was  
really champagne, although no one  
knew the difference for the taste,  
nor would they ever have known of  
the grocer's blunder had not the  
man who ordered the champagne  
made an awful fuss when it was too  
late to make the proper exchange.

When three Americans begin to  
swap stories about anything, no  
matter what, they are bound to  
keep it up, in spite of my trouble  
on their mind; they wouldn't stop  
even if they were marching side by  
side to the gallows. Even the little  
minister lost his timidity and his  
serious face and told of several  
Thanksgiving dinners over which  
his mouth had watered in advance,  
but which he was afterward moved  
to give away to people who had  
none, while the minister and his  
family sat down to cold baked  
beans sauce of dried apples—the  
hated remains of hated donation  
parties. He really hadn't been  
grateful enough for beans and  
dried apples he supposed, for now  
that the people seemed to think his  
days of pulpit usefulness at an end  
there were times when a big bag of  
beans would sometimes be a handy  
thing to have in the house.

"We have the car all to our-  
selves," said the host. "I guess  
the other people on the train did  
not get up as we this morning; but  
the car's loss is our gain. Let's  
have a song."

So saying, the host started.  
"Auld Lang Syne," and the others  
joined in. No one seemed to know  
more than the first four lines, but  
they sang these over several times,  
and seemed to get a lot of cheer  
out of them. The little minister,  
in particular, brightened amazing,  
he had been in the slough of  
despond so long, and so deep, that  
to be treated cordially by three  
men of good appearance, even  
though they were strangers, pulled  
him together in good shape, and set  
his tongue rattling about Thanks-  
giving festivities in his college  
days. He told so many good  
stories and told them so well, that  
the other men were content to  
laugh and listen, and when, finally,  
he was moved to sing some jolly old  
college songs—and sing them very  
well, too—the audience were so de-  
lighted, and applauded so heartily,  
that they did not note the stop-  
ping of the train.

Just as one of the songs ended,  
the door of the car opened and a  
man and woman entered. Both  
dropped their heads and passed  
quickly by the uproarious party,  
but before they could seat them-  
selves, they were startled by the  
sound of several names uttered in  
quick succession:

"Jim!"  
"Millie!"  
"Barchess!"  
"Sister Waystar!"

The man and woman, both of  
whom are young, turned pale.  
The woman looked appealing, the  
man sullen, yet defiant.

The host arose and said quickly:  
"Come right here, Barchess, and  
dine with us. Let bygones be by-  
gones. This is Thanksgiving Day,  
and I'm host. Bring the lady with  
you. Here, waiter, clear away the  
table, and find a couple of chairs  
or stools somewhere." Then he  
whispered to one of his guests:

"Your party too, evidently."

"Sure enough."

"And mine," said another.

"The couple that I've been called  
to marry," groaned the little  
minister. "After what I've heard,  
I can't do it, and—oh, oh, oh!"

The host, again hurrying the  
waiter, went forward to the couple  
and said:

"Brace up, Barchess; no one is  
going to harm you. Won't you do  
me the honor of introducing your  
employer to the lady?"

The young man mumbled some  
words. The host replied, address-  
ing the lady:

"I'm delighted to find one of  
my clerks in such good company,  
ma'am. You won't refuse to dine  
with me? All of my guests seem  
to be friends of one or other of  
you. Waiter, I'll be the death of  
you if you don't bring those seats."

In the next few moments there  
was a good deal of ice to be brok-  
en, and some of it appeared to be  
pretty thick, but the host rattled  
off some more stories, just as if  
nothing had happened, and the  
little minister, who seemed to be  
desperate about something, follow-  
ed suit; so the young people had to  
laugh in spite of themselves. Be-  
sides, a good dinner is not a bad  
ice-breaker.

The young man soon became in-  
fected by the cheerful spirit of the

party. None of the men looked as  
grim as any who had heard their  
disclosures would expect; the peo-  
ple for whom they had started in  
search were before them, so their  
work was as good as done. What  
each one would do in conclusion he  
scarcely knew, so he fought for time  
by telling another story. The  
young woman, being a school teach-  
er, had herself heard some amus-  
ing stories and told them very well;  
besides it is not every day that a  
young woman has four middle-aged  
men regarding her as respectfully  
and admiringly as if she were a  
princess.

The host got her from story-tell-  
ing to conversation and found she  
was quite clever. His eyes told  
him that she was very pretty, and  
his knowledge of human nature told  
him that she was good. How did  
she come to take up with Barchess,  
a fellow who had just robbed his  
employer of more than a hundred  
dollars? Pshaw! Girls had no  
sense. A new face, a glib tongue,  
a pushing way—the scapegrace had  
all of these; there were apparent  
possibilities in him, but they would  
not be likely to come out in a man  
who had been mean enough to steal  
money with which to be married.  
If the men most interested for many  
reasons did not prevent the match,  
the host would, he told himself, even  
if he had to call in the police. Still,  
the girl's feelings were to be con-  
sidered. The host had daughters  
of his own, and he couldn't bear to  
see a girls cry.

The young man seemed to have  
something on his mind, despite his  
loud and long laughter over every  
story. Evidently his employer had  
missed the money. He certainly  
had missed his clerk. He had  
the reputation of being a good-  
hearted man; he wasn't showing  
any anger. Probably he was go-  
ing to overlook everything in con-  
sideration of the company in which  
he found the young man. At any  
rate the runaway had spent from the  
stolen money railway fares and a  
good fee to a minister whose  
church the girl had attended while  
teaching school a few weeks in his  
town. The minister was on the  
train according to appointment.  
The young man would risk it.

"Domine," he said, suddenly,  
"we're in the next State now, and  
there are more witnesses present  
than the law requires. What's to  
prevent the ceremony taking place  
at once—right here?"

"Next State," said the host.  
"What's the matter with our own  
State?"

"Millie is under age," explained  
the girl's brother-in-law.

"In the State which we have just  
entered," said the minister, "there  
is no restriction as to the age of a  
woman desiring to be married, and  
a minister from anywhere can per-  
form the ceremony, Sister Waystar  
seems to have done me the kind-  
ness of wishing me, I have been  
her pastor for a brief period, to of-  
ficiate, and I gladly consented,  
but—"

There is no impediment, then, is  
there?"

"Jim," said the young man's  
uncle, "you know this isn't fair to  
your father and mother."

"What have they to do with it?"

"Ain't I of age?"

"Yes, but—Then the uncle's  
face grew black. What? One of  
his own family, practically, run-  
ning away with a girl as pretty and  
nice as the girl before him, and do-  
ing it on stolen money? The host  
did not look or act as if he intend-  
ed to have him arrested, but that  
would come out some way unless  
the money were made good. If he,  
the uncle, had the amount in his  
pocket he would not mind losing it  
to save the family's reputation. But  
a man like the host, who could  
spend money so freely on strangers  
as he had done in the last two or  
three hours, had probably lost a  
great lot. So he continued:

"Besides, you've gone and—"

"Millie," said another of the  
guests "you are one of the best and  
sweetest girls that ever lived; but  
your sister is down sick with worry  
about you. She knows that every  
girl is going to get married some day,  
but do you think it's the fair thing  
to make misery for the folks who  
love you best. You're welcome to  
marry from our house whenever you  
like, and nobody'll be gladder than

your sister to see you make a good  
match and find a man that you can  
love. But, from what?"

"Excuse me for interrupting,"  
said the host, "but, as there's  
some talk been made about the  
advisability of this marriage,  
perhaps I may ask a question of the  
happy man that is to be. Barchess,  
I've always treated you as  
fairly as I knew how to do, and I  
wish you everything good in the  
world—but what are you going to  
live on after you're married. The  
young man tried to put on a bold  
front, but when his eye met his  
employer's it shifted. He tried to  
get it right, but somehow it missed  
the mark every time.

"Don't be bashful," said the  
host. "It's no disgrace to be poor.  
All of us have been there. We've  
been swapping yarns about it for an  
hour or more. Out with it, my boy.  
How much money have you?—  
and—where did you get it?"

The young man could not answer.

"Oh, we do not need any money  
at first," put in the young woman.

"James will go to work at another  
place just after we are married."

"Mightn't it be well, ma'am, to  
reconsider the subject for a mo-  
ment or two? You are young and  
pretty, and good, and I hope to  
heaven there's a long and happy  
life before you. I've got daughters  
myself, a little older, a little youn-  
ger than you, so you may be sure  
that I mean what I say. You're  
too much of a woman, I'm sure, to  
hurt the feelings of your own  
sister, and still more to make your  
husband less thought of by his own  
parents, because, really, a mother-  
in-law is a good thing to have in  
the family sometimes. I've been  
there, and I knew. If you love  
Barchess you'll keep on loving  
him, because you're made that  
way. If Barchess is the man he  
professes to be and as good a judge  
of women as he seems to be, he will  
continue to love you; if he don't,  
I'll break his neck."

The young man looked ugly, and  
advanced a step toward the host,  
who continued calmly:

"Bessie, he can't go at present  
to live near you, where he can see  
you often. It is really necessary  
that he go back with me."  
"For what?" asked the girl.  
"You heard her question, Barchess.  
Perhaps you would rather  
answer it yourself."  
There was no reply, the host  
went on:

"I need his help on some ac-  
counts. He won't have to work  
overhard, and I shan't give him the  
slightest trouble of any sort if he  
shows himself willing; and after all  
is clear he won't find a better friend  
than I when he wants to marry.  
Perhaps, ma'am, you'll ask him  
if that might not be the better way."

The young man was looking fur-  
tively at the host; his hands were  
behind his back, as if there were  
handcuffs upon them. The girl  
looked at him and seemed not to  
understand his manner; she looked  
at the others in succession, but all  
were looking at Barchess.

"James," she said, "all of these  
gentlemen seem very kindly dis-  
posed toward us. I don't know  
anything about your business af-  
fairs, but—what do you say?"

The young man said nothing.  
The girl turned appealingly to the  
minister, who said:

"Dear Sister Waystar, I cannot  
marry you here, not if you were to  
ask me on your bended knees."

"And," cried the girl's brother-  
in-law, "you can't be married by  
any one else in this State, for you  
can't get out of this car while I am  
in it."

"Tut, tut! No threats!" said the  
host. I think Barchess and I un-  
derstand each other—oh, Barchess?  
You really think you have been too  
hasty, considering the way you  
have left your accounts, don't you  
—considering that I wish you well,  
and would do almost anything rather  
than make so estimable a young  
woman unhappy, and will do all in  
my power to make of you a most  
desirable match? It all depends  
upon you."

The young man still looked fur-  
tively at his late employer, who  
lost patience, took the young man  
by both shoulders, and exclaimed:

"Hang you! Do you doubt my  
word? Look me square in the eye! My  
eye never flinches, I'd have

you know—neither does my word.  
In the circumstances, ain't I giving  
you the chance of your life?"

The young man looked toward  
the girl, who said:

"Do it, James."

Then he gave a despairing, ap-  
pealing look toward the place where  
he had seen the minister a moment  
before, but that small person had  
made still less of himself visible,  
by dropping upon his knees in the  
corner of a seat and burying his  
face in his hands. Then the young  
man looked toward the host, saw  
an extended hand, grasped it and  
broke down.

"There, there," said the host  
kindly. "Not to be married the  
day one expects to be is indeed a  
great disappointment. I went  
through it myself, for I had not  
enough money to pay the minister."

"I was going to have a Thanks-  
giving Day worth remembering,"  
explained the youth.

"Well, by thunder!" exclaimed  
his uncle. "If I was in your shoes  
I'd think I'd got one."

"I've got one of that kind," said  
the girl's brother-in-law, "and it's  
all the better because I didn't ex-  
pect it."

"Just what I was about to ob-  
serve," said the host.

"I've a lot to be thankful for  
that I didn't expect," said the girl,  
"for, really, I wasn't in any hurry  
to get married. I was willing only  
because James seemed in haste.  
Besides, the poor fellow was so  
modest that he thought he hadn't  
a real friend in the world but me.  
Now I find that he has several that  
any young man ought to be proud  
of, and I'm sure that's something  
to be specially thankful for."

The little minister did not say  
anything aloud and his eyes were  
closed, but his lips moved rapidly,  
and continued to do so until the  
next station was reached and the  
party left the train to take one  
bound homeward. When he reach-  
ed his house he made haste to tell  
his wife everything that happened,  
and his wife began to weep, so her  
husband, like a sympathetic soul,  
wept with her. He took his handker-  
chief from his pocket to wipe his  
eye, and with it came a wad of  
something which felt like linen, but  
was far, far greener. When he  
had counted it he said:

"Maria, that man didn't look at  
all like a raven, but he's seen to  
the feedings of some of the Lord's  
servants for the next three months,  
at the very least."—Post-Dispatch.

## How His Boys Turned Out.

Visitor (looking at the photo-  
graph album)—"You have a fine  
looking family of boys, Mr. Bilkerson.  
And they all seem to have  
turned out remarkably well. This  
is Hiram, isn't it?"

Mr. Bilkerson (proudly)—Yes,  
that's Hiram. He's in the theatrical  
line. Gets \$150 a week for  
merely doing a little specialty busi-  
ness and singing what they call a  
topical song. Hiram's a good deal  
of a genius. The next one is  
Christopher. He's the vice-presi-  
dent and manager of a baseball  
club. Made \$4,600 out of it last  
year and didn't turn his hand over.  
The one on the next page is Oliver.  
He owns the fastest pacer in any  
fourteen counties around here.  
Built a fine brick house out of what  
he made with the animal last year  
and the year before. Yes, my boys  
are doing pretty well. Come out  
with me to the barn. I—"

Visitor—"But you have another  
son, haven't you?"

Mr. Bilkerson—reluctantly—  
'Ye-e-s.—His name's Gabriel. He's  
a professor of Greek, or theology,  
or something of that sort in college.  
Gabe is a good fellow in his way,  
but he doesn't seem to get ahead.  
Come out to the barn. Mr. Swack-  
hammer, I want to show my new  
span of grays."—Chicago Tribune.

## A Brilliant Spirit of Repartee.

She—It is reported around town  
that we are engaged.

He—I have heard worse things  
than that.

She—I never have.—Texas Sift-  
ings.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 19, 1896.

E. A. HODGSON Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.  
One copy, one year, \$1.00  
If not paid within six months, 1.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.  
All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.  
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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,  
Station M, New York City.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

## A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

[Tune: "I love to tell the story."]

We thank thee now, O Father,  
For all things bright and good,  
For seed-time and for harvest,  
For life and health and food.

Accept the gifts we offer,  
For all thy love imparts,  
And what thou most desirest,  
Our humble, thankful hearts.

We love to thank thee ever,  
We love to sing thy praise,  
To sing the old, old praises,  
On this Thanksgiving Day.

In previous remarks concerning the "signal-phabst" of Prof. Woglom, we suggested that he probably appropriated the characters from the card that Charles Parker copy-righted and sold. We do not wish to do the gentleman an injustice, and therefore print the following extracts from a letter sent to Mr. Samuel Frankenstein, foreman of the factory of the New York Camera Exchange. Mr. Frankenstein is acquainted with Prof. Woglom, because of dealings the latter has had with the Camera Exchange, and consequently sent him marked copies of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Mr. Woglom writes:—

"I never saw Mr. Parker's nor any other arm alphabet. My conception of the signal-phabst was spontaneous; it was born of the necessity for it in my field of work with parkies. I have often remarked to friends that it was so simple and easily acquired, because simulating the letters of the alphabet, that I wondered it had not been thought of before.

"I invented my signal-phabst unassisted by any suggestion whatever; I have used it with satisfaction; if any person prefers to use any earlier or later system, it is not in me to object; I apprehend my own could be of little service to deaf-mutes, who doubtless have many better digested systems, the result of years of thought and experience. I shall be happy if my own be of any service to them, but you will admit it might be objectionable if used in our crowded public conveyances."

We do not further dispute Mr. Woglom's claims, because it is natural that there should be a similarity in the letters of the arm-alphabets invented by different persons, as the basis of all were the same—i. e., to represent the capital letters of the alphabet with the arms.

It is not yet settled who first introduced the arm-alphabet. Charles Parker's claims have been refuted. Mr. Douglas has not yet named the teacher who was assisted by Mr. Benedict in making an arm-alphabet thirty-five or forty years ago. Mr. Edgar P. Morehouse, in a letter printed in this issue, says the arm-alphabet was invented by a Danish teacher of drawing, at the New York Institution, when it was situated at 50th Street and Fifth Avenue, and that it was first shown forty-four years ago.

In the JOURNAL of August 6th, Mr. W. W. Beadell, commenting on an article entitled "A Long-Distance Alphabet," printed in the preceding issue, wrote:

"A son of the late Admiral Dacres, R. N., himself a practical seaman and ex-'tar' of the Queen's navy, told me the navy had a vulgar full-arm alphabet, which was in constant use as a means of communication between ships of a squadron, the telescope being used at long range to distinguish the different letters, and a signal given to denote that the message was understood or not, as the case might be. He was able to show me the different letters in use during his time of service, and they were easily recognizable by their resemblance to the printed characters.

Mr. Beadell also suggested that some one inquire, at the Brooklyn

Navy Yard, whether a similar alphabet is in use in the United States Navy. We hope some of our readers will take the trouble to carry out this suggestion.

AFTER years of litigation, the Edson will has been broken, and the charitable institutions to which bequests were made will receive nothing, unless some private agreement has been made with the parties who contested the will. Among the losers will be the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, which was on the will for a bequest of \$10,000.

In last issue the advertisement of the "Apron and Necktie Party," to be given under the auspices of the Deaf-Mutes Union League, had an important error. It read "December 28th." That was wrong. It should be NOVEMBER 28TH. Read the advertisement in this issue and note the date.

## ITEMIZER.

### Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

A quiet dresser—a deaf mute.

Mr. Charles W. Van Tassel is the oldest male teacher at Fanwood. He has taught for over 30 years.

The Wisconsin School has re-arranged its daily schedule so as to allow the pupils more time in the shops.

Froken Valborg Thorsen har i sommer en to maneders tid opholdt sig i Kjøbenhavn.—*De Dødes Blad*.

Scientists now claim that hearing and speaking people have six senses, the deaf have five, the deaf and dumb four, the deaf, dumb and blind, only three.

The Optic, published at the Arkansas Institution has a new head-dress, which is an improvement upon the one it discarded. Mr. Gardner still wields the editor's pen.

On the 20th of October, the Bellevue (Ont.) Institution celebrated its 26th anniversary. Its present quarters have been taxed to the utmost, and enlarged accommodation is badly needed.

Mr. W. A. Bowles, Superintendent of the Virginia Institution for the Deaf, is soon to visit Northern Institutions for information that will be of service in the management of the school over which he presides.

The many compliments bestowed on Rev. A. W. Mann, by the "silent press" for his good missionary work among the deaf, is well bestowed. Rev. Mann is indeed a hard worker, and all praise to him.

Prof. David R. Tillinghast, a teacher in the North Carolina Institution, graduated from the High Class at Fanwood, and upon graduating, in 1892, he was appointed a teacher in his *Alma Mater* and remained for six years. All together he has been in harness 34 years.

Mr. W. Beadell's suggestion in last week's issue of the JOURNAL to publish a list of all the deaf who are conducting business on their own hook, is a good one. It would also be a good idea to find out how many of the deaf are out of employment, and the cause thereof.

George Marteny, who was recently hurt on the railroad, says the *Goodman Gazette*, is being cared at the Virginia Institution and receiving the best attention, and adds that the doctors have hope of his recovery, without the loss of his leg, but fails to state if the boy is deaf.

Gallaudet College, the Mt. Airy School, and Dr. Green's Lexington Avenue (N. Y.) School, are the only ones of which we have knowledge that employ male teachers in this [oral] branch of the work.—*Kentucky Standard*.

Add Indiana to the list.—*Silent Hoosier*. And also the Fanwood. (N. Y.) School.

Mr. Alex L. Pach when he lived in Easton, Pa., not very long ago, thought that consolidation of all the societies in Gotham could be brought about; but under the Telephone head in the *Mt. Airy World* last week he confesses that it is impossible, and he is in New York now every day of the week. Has he at last found it out?

Will the deaf of New York ever have another church of its own. It seems a very long time since St. Ann's Church was torn down. In the mean time, writes a correspondent, the deaf do not attend church at St. John's regularly. It seems, he adds, that the devil is getting a stronghold on New York's deaf; the work of many years appears to be going backwards. A church exclusively for the deaf is wanted. Will they have it?

Over six hundred pupils are enrolled at the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, at Mt. Airy, Pa., the largest number of any school in the country, but the school is divided in departments. Each department has a separate building, and a principal of its own. Dr. Crouter is Superintendent over all. Another feature in the Pennsylvania Institution is that it has a Principal for the Industrial Department.

## TIME TO REFORM.

Isn't about time that there was a stop put to the many false rumors circulated by several mischievous deaf-mutes. No doubt they do it for the sake of fun; but it often happens that the character of the person whom they chose as the one to have fun at is injured. They don't mean any harm, but the persons they tell the story take it seriously and spread it, and sometimes in such an exaggerated way that it becomes a very serious thing, and it hurts the deaf not a little, for sometimes these silly tale stories get in the papers. It is about time to reform, so says a REFORMER.

# NEW YORK.

## The Deaf as Business Men.

### MRS. COAKLEY WANTS A DIVORCE.

How Slattery Lost His Moustache--Haps and Mishaps Among the Deaf, together With the Bright Side of Life--Coming Events.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. I. Lounsbury's address is 235 East 59th Street, New York City.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Mr. W. W. Beadell's article and the suggestions it contained, in the last issue, was an interesting one and ought to be the forerunner of a series of discussions that might tend to stimulate an ambition in many of the deaf to "start on their own account." While I concur in all that Mr. Beadell says as regards the interior towns, following the land boomers, and so forth, yet I have never receded from the belief I have held for years that the large cities were none too large for new enterprises in the printing or any other line, except in cases where a scheme or venture is overdone.

Some time ago Mr. Pach wrote a paper favoring the interior towns as the proper place for the deaf to "launch out," and, so far as circumstances warrant, it may be so, but those who have all the requirements—capital, brains and push—would do better to start where the population is thickest.

If one was to start in the city on a limited capital it would perhaps not be well for him to go into the district where the particular trade holds sway, but to look up a good clear field of several blocks. I thought I did this when I opened my printing establishment a year and a half ago, but I soon discovered I had two dozen competitors within a radius of twelve blocks. For four months I struggled on, half expecting I could not keep up, the sixth month work poured in at a rate that compelled me to move to larger quarters, and ever since I have had but four "slack" weeks (July), and since then have felt the need of more presses to meet the demand, but I must turn away part of the work offered me for want of facilities and I am but five doors from another printer.

Last spring I told my friends that if I passed through the summer I was permanently established, and, happily, the summer was as good a season as I had had in the fall, winter and spring, with the exception of that one month. I attribute this to luck as well as to anything else.

I would say that if the deaf want to start, they need not fear competition. Business men understand that good work like good clothes, costs more, and is more economical in the end. It is on this argument that I get and keep most of my customers, and I have never at all done any soliciting.

E. Souweine started in the thickest business district as an engraver nine years ago and is there yet, having been burned out once.

Piser & Russell started six or more years ago uptown on a booming thoroughfare, and now do a large business.

Smith & Meiken started a year ago in the wall paper roller manufacturing business, and have already driven at least one big competitor to the wall. In their case they had capital to lay in an enormous stock at the best discounts for cash.

Edgar Bloom has been thriving for years in the jewelry district as a manufacturer of paper bags for diamonds and jewelry.

George E. August has been dealing in butter and eggs for a year, and now has a good run of customers.

Chas. C. Thompson has thrown aside the yoke of being an employee, and now is designer "on his own hook."

Ignatz Timberger has been in the chair-caning business down town for almost a year, and appears to be "holding his own."

Flannagan & Fox (of whom Mr. Wm. C. Flannagan is deaf) have been in the real estate business for several months, and the fact that they have just placed a large order with a printer, shows they are prospering. Their office is at 147 East 125th Street, in the Twelfth Ward Bank Building.

There are others whose names do not occur to one just now, including several lady dressmakers with steady customers, all of which goes to show the cities are none too large for the deaf to venture out in business.

Mrs. Rachel Coakley has for over a year been trying to secure a

divorce from her husband, who was known in his younger days by his first father's name, William E. Reid. Mrs. Coakley's maiden name was Rachel Nathan, and she has employed the services of Loew & Loew to look to her interests. The case was heard some months ago, but on the promise of Mr. Coakley to live with his wife and otherwise support her, it fell through. Then he lost his job and went to New Jersey, where he secured another, but failed to support his wife in any wise. Two weeks ago Mrs. Coakley sought justice in Jersey City, and the case is described as follows by a paper printed there:

### A QUIET QUARREL.

Rachel Coakley, of 172 Grand Street, was complaining against her husband, William Edward Coakley, on a charge of abandonment, in the First Criminal Court this morning. Both husband and wife are deaf-mutes, and there was an excited colloquy between the two, but no noise was made.

The couple were married August 27th, 1894. Coakley denies that he deserted his wife. He says his wife left him and he promised to treat her well if she will return to him, as his employer has increased his wages. Mrs. Coakley did not appear satisfied with the arrangement and left the court room. It is said that mutual friends will try to effect a reconciliation.

Mrs. Coakley has now instructed her lawyers to secure a divorce for her, and does not propose to accept any more promises from her wayward husband, whom she claims she has supported during most of the time since they were married two years ago. They lived together only seven months.

William Slattery will not go without his smoke just for want of a match. After the last Guild meeting, he was unable to find a match from his companions, and going to the nearest lamp-post, crossed his legs around it, and ascended till his cigar came in contact with the flames from the jet, but, lo! a gust of wind sent the flames downward, and William is now explaining to his friends how he came to cut his moustache.

The *Kingston News* has this to say of Joseph Wamsnick, who is now in this city.

### A QUIET DRUNK

The recorder's court, usually so noisy with garbage cases, was as quiet as the tomb Saturday. Not a sound was heard, nor a mouth was opened. The arraignment and discharge of a prisoner was done in a deathly silence, for the prisoner was deaf and dumb. John Joseph Wamsnick was arrested Friday by Officer McIntyre for being drunk and a vagrant. Wamsnick is about 23 years old and a baker by trade. Yesterday he arrived in Kingston, and tried to find work. In this he was unsuccessful, and so strangers took pity on him and treated him to drinks in the different entertainment halls of North Front Street and Higginsville. The result was that he became beastly intoxicated, and when he fell in with the officer was unable to take care of himself. When taken to jail his silence was supposed to result from timidity, and the same opinion at first prevailed at the city hall. When his condition was known the court officials were in a quandary and thought it would be necessary to get an interpreter from New York. But at the last minute he began writing on a slip of paper and passed it to the recorder. That gave the officials an idea, and the trial was conducted by that means. As he seemed very penitent, and wrote on the paper that he'd never come to Kingston again, he was discharged upon his written promise to leave the city within an hour.

Last week it was stated in this column that a child of Mr. and Mrs. Brewer was baptized by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. It should have read the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Doenges, of Mt. Vernon. Mrs. M. Heyman has been away to Pennsylvania for a week's stay with her brother. A. M. McCullough, of Delaware, has secured work in this city at his trade of harness-maker, and expects to stay here permanently. A cousin of W. L. Hanson, by name of Higgins, a mute, was knocked down and killed by a cable car at Broome Street. S. M. Brown is proving an efficient collector for the Gallaudet Home, his record for the year leaving Messrs. Mann and Gilbert far in the rear. William Greenbaum was recently robbed of a suit of clothes. Mr. A. A. Barnes has resigned from the Quad Club, his inability to attend meetings being the cause. Saturday, a week hence, the Union League have their apron and necktie party. For a right royal good time, go there, and you will not regret it. The Central Opera House is familiar to many, and is easily reached. Take Third Avenue elevated or cable cars from any point, and get out at 67th Street, and walk a few steps east. The Lexington Athletic Club's grand ball is but two weeks off. Don't forget the date, Tuesday, December 1st, at the Lexington Assembly Rooms, East 58th Street. This is the first of the season, and should not be missed. Business is bad at the Bible House, and Ad. Ekardt keenly appreciates this fact. A. H. Kohlmetz nearly captured an owl on the fire-escape of his house last week. As he did not hold his hat down hard enough, his owlship bade adieu to him. Mrs. Rachel Tully (nee McIlvaine) has lost her husband by death.

There were but three persons at the last Guild meeting when S. M. Brown delivered a lecture. William Leinberry has for three weeks been nursing a badly smashed

hand. But two of the five digits of his right hand have so far mended. The bone of one seems to be broken. This makes the fourth such accident at Lounsbury's printing office since he started.

Gallaudet day bids fair to be universally celebrated this year. In New York, Boston, Philadelphia and others places, arrangements to this end have already been undertaken.

The mother of John Stauch died last week at her home on West 35th Street. She was in feeble health for some time.

"F. P. G.," the Chicago correspondent is a hustler, and the best that could be found in Gibville. Would that there were more of him. TED.

### The "Deaf-Mutes' Journal."

In looking over the vast list of books and periodicals about the deaf in the Institution Library, I picked out Vol. I., No. 1, of the *American Annals of the Deaf*, published at Hartford, Ct., October, 1847, and among the miscellaneous items there is the following:

#### "A DEAF AND DUMB EDITOR."

"The only deaf and dumb editor in the United States, and probably the only one in the world, is Mr. Levi S. Backus, of 'The Radii,' a weekly newspaper published at Fort Plain, N. Y. Mr. Backus was one of the earliest pupils of the American Asylum, and after he had completed his education, he became an assistant instructor in the Central Asylum at Canajoharie, N. Y. Upon the absorption of the last named Asylum into the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, in New York City, he commenced the publication of 'The Radii,' of which he is both editor and proprietor, and which he has continued for more than seven years. From our personal acquaintance with the paper we can testify that it is a vigorous and well-conducted sheet; remarkably so, we may say, when the peculiar circumstances of its editor are taken into consideration."

So much for Mr. Levi S. Backus, all honor to him for being the first deaf-mute editor. It was in 1840 when he began the publication of "The Radii," just fifty-six years ago. Well, from the *Radii* has sprung the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. It is true that it was not at first published for the interest of the deaf, as it is now, and that the name has been changed several times, yet the paper has been issued regularly every week ever since; therefore, the JOURNAL is to-day the oldest deaf-mute publication in the world, having passed the golden anniversary six years ago, and is conceded to the best news paper for the deaf to-day; hence, the deaf have just cause to feel proud of the JOURNAL.

#### A QUAD.

FANWOOD, Nov. 16, '96.

### Has Done a World of Good.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF, EDGEWOOD PARK, PA., Nov. 14, 1896.

MY DEAR MR. HODGSON:—Enclosed please find my check for \$1.00 for my subscription to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL for another year. I paid my first subscription on June 22d, 1876, so I can safely say that I am one of the oldest subscribers. I tell you that the JOURNAL has done a world of good during the past twenty years, and I wish that it may continue its good work.

Yours for success,  
B. R. ALLABOUGH.

### Home for Deaf-Mutes.

The undersigned will be thankful to receive donations from deaf-mutes in the State of New York, to support the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, which has been founded by "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," incorporated in 1872, on a farm by the Hudson River, near Poughkeepsie.

THOMAS GALLAUDET,  
114 West 13th Street.

### Guild of Silent Workers.

November 24th—Tuesday, 8 P.M., at 67 East 89th Street, New York, monthly meeting of the Guild of Silent Workers.

### Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

NOVEMBER.  
20—10.45 A.M., Chapel of Trinity Church, Elmira, Holy Communion.  
20—3.00 P.M., Chapel of Trinity Church, Elmira, Evening Prayer.

DECEMBER.  
4—7.30 P.M., St. James, Buffalo, lecture by Rev. Dr. Smith.  
6—10.45 A.M., St. James, Buffalo, Holy Communion.  
6—7.30 P.M., St. Paul's Church, Rochester, Evening Prayer.  
13—10.45 A.M., Christ Church, Binghamton, Holy Communion.  
13—3.00 P.M., Christ Church, Binghamton, Holy Communion.  
14—Elmira, Confirmation by Bishop Huntington.  
18—7.30 P.M., St. Paul's, Rochester, lecture.  
20—10.30 A.M., St. Paul's, Rochester, Holy Communion.  
20—7.30 P.M., St. James, Buffalo, Evening Prayer.

Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER,  
17 Glenwood Ave.,  
Rochester, N. Y.

# PHILADELPHIA.

## Interesting Literary Exercises at the Club.

### A SECOND ATTEMPT TO ROB R. C. WALL.

## Another Football Victory for the Mt. Airy Boys--Other News Items.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

Interesting and entertaining literary exercises were held at All Souls' Club last Thursday evening, 13th. The program comprised (1) News Reading, by President Ziegler; (2) Poetical Rendition, "Serving our King," by Mrs. Thomas D. Delp; (3) Biographical Sketch, "William McKinley," by Harry G. Gunkel; (4) Dialogue,—"A Knowing Customer," by Messrs. C. W. Waterhouse and R. E. Underwood; (5) Humorous Recitations, by Jas. S. Reider; (6) Historical Sketch, "The Origin and History of the Post Office," by John Add. McIlvaine, Jr.; (7) Declaration, "The Landing of the Pilgrims," by John M. Wismer.

The Council of the Club held its regular monthly business meeting on the evening of the 10th inst., R. M. Ziegler presiding. Six new members were admitted into the club and two resigned on account of removal. Routine business was chiefly transacted. J. Add. McIlvaine, Jr., R. M. Ziegler and Jas. S. Reider were appointed a special committee to revise the Constitution and By-Laws. The present form of government, which was introduced by the late Henry Winter Syle, and has been on trial since November, 1888, does not give entire satisfaction and it is therefore proposed to change it again. The plan of Mr. Syle, doubtless, has its merits, and, were he still living, would be continued; but a succession of circumstances and the light of experience have led to the desirability of a change. It is also proposed to curtail the name. The Committee is expected to report by next March or sooner.

The Erie Delegation Fund of the Club already amounts to \$25.50.

The attention of the Philadelphia deaf is again called to the lecture of Prof. Rowland B. Lloyd on Friday evening, 27th inst., at All Souls' Hall. His subject will be "Turkey and the Turks," a very interesting one and worth seeing. Admission will be by ticket at twenty cents each.

The Philadelphia Record had the following last Wednesday:—

"A scheme to rob the bicycle store of R. C. Wall & Co., No. 725 Arch Street, last night, was frustrated by the sounding of the burglar alarm which was answered by Reserve Officer Dunlap in time to prevent robbery. The burglars became aware of the officer's presence and ran away. A number of burglar tools were left behind by the thieves.

This is the second attempt to rob the store, the first like the last having been unsuccessful. Mr. Wall, who is deaf and well known to the Pennsylvania readers, has built up a large and successful business. His wife was formerly Miss Annie B. Boyer, a teacher at the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. The representative of the JOURNAL called at the store last week, and to him the story of the robbery was confirmed.

R. C. Wall & Co. have branch stores in Pittsburgh and New Orleans. They manufacture a line of builders' fittings as well as frames and bicycles complete for jobbing to the small trade. Several automatic machines of the latest design have been added, and they say the prospects for '97 are for three times the business done in '96.

Miss Dora Kintzel tendered a tea-party to her friends at her mother's home last Saturday evening. Those present were Mrs. M. J. Syle, Mrs. E. E. Roop, Mrs. Chas. H. Sharrar, Mrs. Thos. D. Delp, Mrs. E. D. Wilson, Miss Katie Eisele, Miss Cora Ford, and Messrs. Gunkel, Waterhouse, Lee, Underwood, McKinney and Kohlman. A very pleasant evening was spent.

Saturday, 14th, the Mt. Airy "kickers" won another victory as the following clipping shows:

To-day the football of the Institution for the Deaf defeated the Ursinus College team 18 to 10. The feature of the game was Bulger's running with the ball, and all-round play of the deaf boys. The line up was as follows:

P. L. D. POSITIONS. CURSUS COLLEGE.  
McAbee, Left end, Waltrap  
Little, Left tackle, Coopenhaves  
Snyder, Left guard, Bodder  
Bradley, Centre, Seick, Heffner  
Haldeman, Right guard, Heffner, Kelly  
Harper, Right tackle, Spotts  
Kellcher, Right end, Shelley  
Gelfuss, Quarter back, Green  
Bulger, Left half back, McKee  
Noble, Right half back, Parker  
Schantz, Full back, Lerch

Touchdowns—Bulger, 3; Parker, 1; Lerch, 1. Goals from touchdowns—Bulger, 3; Lerch, 1. Referee—Mr. Thompson. Umpire—Mr. Helger. Linesman—Mr. Gruver.

About a week ago on Saturday evening, John Lewis engaged in a

friendly sparring match with another deaf-mute, and was hit on the left side, causing him great pain. He suffered all the next day and was unable to go to work on Monday morning, but instead went to a hospital where the doctors found a rib fractured. Thus he was laid up for a while.

He must have been struck at a weak spot. Some ten years ago, while crossing the street at a point where three streets intersect, he was knocked down by a fire-engine that dashed past and severely injured on the left side of the ribs.

The Ladies' Pastoral Aid Society will hold a festival at All Souls' Hall on Thanksgiving evening. An admission price of twenty-five cents will be charged, which will include refreshments. Besides amusements, which will be arranged, there will be souvenir articles for sale. A good time is anticipated. The committee having this in charge is composed of Mrs. H. E. Stevens, Miss Dora Kintzel and Miss Katie Eisele.

Rev. Dr. Francis J. Clerc made a short stop here in the middle part of last week, while on his way to Hartford, Conn., to visit his sick daughter, Mrs. Beers.

Mr. James E. Morony and Mrs. Spencer M. Hannold were the only Philadelphians to attend the funerals of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Gulick, at Trenton, N. J., last Wednesday. Frank Nittinger's mother was buried at Salem, N. J., last Saturday. Frank is an oral graduate, and formerly lived in this city.

Last week the papers contained accounts of a shocking tragedy that occurred on Ridge Avenue near Oxford Street. Mrs. W. Gonkler was murdered by her husband for her money, but, failing to get it, he committed suicide. Mrs. Gonkler was an intimate friend of Miss Annie Fiebelkorn, an oral graduate, having known her from childhood, and the latter is much grieved over her friend's sad fate.

William F. Fries has moved back to the city from Montgomery County, and now lives with his sister on Turner Street. He is engaged in the trade of cigar-making by himself.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Van Courtlandt were presented with a handsome parlor lamp by their son, Burton. It was an agreeable surprise.

Adolph Yerkes and John Kohlman contemplate a gunning expedition in New Jersey on Thanksgiving Day.

Miss Mary E. Taylor is among us again after an absence of several months. She looks as young as usual.

Mrs. Charlotte Stiles and daughter, of New Egypt, N. J., and A. H. Jaggard were seen at All Souls' Church on Sunday afternoon.

Rev. Mr. Koehler announced on Sunday that Holy Communion will be celebrated on Advent Sunday, November 29th, instead of on December 6th.

J. S. R.

### Yelled "Ouch," Betrayed Himself.

TRENTON, N. J., Nov. 13.—Francis G. O'Donnell, a traveling musician from Philadelphia, has been buncoing the charitably-inclined of the city by pretending that he was deaf and dumb. Detective Pilger saw that the man was collecting a fair day's wages and had contributed a dime himself. Being an adept at the sign-language the officer asked O'Donnell why he didn't say "Thanks" when a person dropped a coin in the hat, and in the man's awkward answer the officer detected that O'Donnell was a fraud. While O'Donnell was walking down the street the detective walked up behind and stuck him with a pin.

"Ouch; you —!" yelled the "deaf and dumb" musician. "I thought so," ironically commented the officer, as he marched O'Donnell to the lockup.

When Justice Coutler heard the story he sentenced O'Donnell to thirty days at the stone quarries.—*Philadelphia Record*.

It is a poor and disgraceful thing not to be able to reply, with some degree of certainty, to the simple questions, "What will you be?" "What will you do?"—*John Foster*.

There is no work of genius which has not been the delight of mankind; no work of genius to which the human heart and soul have not, sooner or later, responded.—*Lowell*.

### RATES OF POSTAGE.

Letters and sealed packages, two cents each ounce.



COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Third Meeting of the "Lit."

A FOOTBALL DISAPPOINTMENT.

A Fake Telegram--News of the Week.

From our Washington Correspondent.

The "Lit" held its third literary meeting in the chapel Friday evening. Mr. Nicholson opened the exercises with an essay on "The Responsibility of England," which was well-received. He pointed out England's part in the Franco-Russian and Turko-Russian wars, and gave us some facts regarding the Slav, the *beau ideal* of the *genus homo*. He closed with the remark that the responsibility of England is the onward march of civilization. "Is earth burial preferable to cremation?" was the question of debate. Messrs. Moran and W. Rosson preferred to have their bodies buried in the ordinary grave; while Messrs. Fisher and Wornstaff pointed out the advantages of having themselves cremated (after death of course). The facts brought out by both sides were a little too blood-curdling for the ladies present. The decision of the judges, Messrs. Whitlocke, Roth and Eickhoff, went to the negative side.

"The Quarrel of Brutus and Cassius" was the subject of a dialogue between Messrs. Pierce and Stuart. It was a long one, but the manner in which it was carried out showed the excellent preparation of the participants.

Mr. Wells wound up the programme with a declamation, "The African Chief."

Critic *pro tem*. Kestner closed the meeting with his report.

Our second eleven played a game on the home grounds, their opponents being the Eastern High School. It will be remembered that our first eleven defeated the Easterns three times without allowing them to score once. Ready to avenge these defeats, the Easterns came out Friday, and in two twenty-minute halves came out victorious by a score of 14 to 6. The play on both sides was very good. The weather was of the ideal football kind. For the Gallaudets, Carroll, Whitlocke, Bumgardner and Stult carried off the honors. On a double pass, Carroll made a beautiful seventy yards run and a touchdown. Whitlocke hurt his nasal organ in a scrimmage and it was afterwards learned that a piece of cartilage was broken off.

The first eleven has been in a bad fix as far as its schedule is concerned. During the week the team kept up vigorous practice every day for the University of Virginia game, but Wednesday a telegram came with the statement that the game was cancelled. No other reason except "impossibility" was given. The next day, another telegram came cancelling the game with Franklin and Marshall for next Saturday. A lively sensation was created by the receipt of a challenge from Yale University. It was received late Thursday evening, and as Manager White Locke thought that if the Gallaudets went to New Haven it would consume two days and nights, and as he hardly thought the Faculty would allow such a trip, he sent word that we could not accept. However, the next morning the news spread like fire all over the college; the Faculty favored the game; so a second telegram was sent to the Yale management that we would come; but alas! it was too late, for the New Jersey Athletic Club had secured the game. A "fake" telegram was brought to Manager White Locke when the students were at dinner, purporting to come from Yale, for our eleven to come, and when the announcement was made the boys went wild with delight. Later, faces a yard long and a desire to pitch the producer of the joke out of the window, were the expressions on almost every face.

The Gallaudets will meet the University of Virginia at Charlottesville on the 21st. We tried to get the Virginia team to meet us on our grounds, Wednesday, but failed.

A Thanksgiving game between the Gallaudets and Columbian College, for the local college championship, has been agreed upon. The game is being widely advertised, and tickets are now on sale. A large attendance is eagerly looked for.

From a letter received by Nicholson, we learn that our friend Mr. Banerji has safely reached Calcutta, and is again back at the head of the school for the deaf. Mr. Banerji sends greetings to all his deaf friends.

Junior (translating German)—"The sun set down."

The Saturday Night Dramatic Club announces that its next play, "Handy Andy," will be given in the night of December 12th.

The Sophomores have taken up Chemistry under Professor Gordon. Drought, '95, is teaching in the Oregon School.

Dennison Gallaudet came down to spend a few days with his parents.

Supt. Dudley of the Colorado school has been our guest for a few days. A reception was tendered him by President and Mrs. Gallaudet Saturday evening. The Faculty, the officers of the college, the Fellows, and the students of the Senior and Junior classes, attended. Mr. Dudley conducted chapel services Sunday afternoon, with a talk on "persistence." He leaves this evening and will go direct to Colorado.

F. C. S.

November 15, '96.

BALTIMORE.

(From our Baltimore Correspondent.)

The Annual Fair and Oyster Supper of Grace Church Guild of the Deaf passed off very successfully last Wednesday and Thursday evenings, November 11th and 12th. The committee in charge of the affair have every reason to congratulate themselves, for despite the inclemency of the weather with all its attendant evils, the attendance was large, the sales were brisk and the spirits of all ran high. The Fair was held in the lower room of the Parish Building of Grace Church, which was brilliantly lighter with numerous gas jets, and profusely decorated with varicolored bunting and a large number of Chinese lanterns. In one corner of the room was provided a temporary kitchen, over which a buxom colored damsel presided and turned out entables in the oyster line that tickled the palate and sadly depleted the purse of the gallant gentleman who had the temerity to bring along his girl, his future mother-in-law and her large family. Ranged around the room were a number of confectionery and variety booths groaning with good things. The irrepressible "try your luck" man was there, too, and so was the ten for a "peep" maiden, who smiled sweetly when she found that the aggregate of her earnings amounted to \$4.05 on a ten-cent pin-cushion.

In the middle of the room were about fifteen small tables at which sat the hungry ones, who between mouthfuls of raw oysters called for ice-cream, cakes and caramels.

Over three hundred tickets were sold, and on the second evening over half a hundred wended their way to the place through a disagreeable downpour of rain. The number of hearing people and deaf was about equal, and it is worthy of remark that wherever you found a group you were sure to find that the deaf and hearing composed the aggregation in about equal parts, and also that the enthusiasm of both in the final auction-scene was evenly divided. From the moment when the doors were opened at 7:30 until 12 P. M., when all but the colored cook and the black janitor, her best man, left, the scene was one of intense gaiety and never-ending enjoyment, and for this much is due the untiring efforts of the young ladies of the committee. All in all, the Guild had reason to feel elated, and we venture, and without hesitation, to say that had the weather been favorable a much larger flood of shekels would have poured into their treasury and rewarded their commendable efforts to maintain Grace Church Mission, which has existed for the past thirty-eight years, and which has and is doing so much for the Deaf of Baltimore. The officers of the Guild are: Mr. H. T. Reamy, president; Gustavus Theiss, Sec'y-treasurer. The Fair Committee was composed of Mrs. Theiss, chairman, Miss Sallie Gourley and Mr. Feld-pusch.

FAIR SPRINKLES.

Among the group of masculines around the comfortable fireplace in the north-west corner was seen "Avon" of the *Register* discussing woman suffrage, Pansy, Bryan and Spain—a threatening combination, truly!

Thomas Cassell Ruckle, a second edition of Mark Twain, had charge of the picture gallery, which afforded no end of amusement to the wag of the evening. Thomas, or Mark if you like, offered two handsomely framed home-made comic pictures to any one who would guess correctly the number of buttons in a globular bottle. About half a hundred essayed the feat at five cents a guess, and about half of the half a hundred feelinglessly guessed more than once, much to Thomas' discomfort, for he loved his pictures and deprecated levity. George Boss carried off the prize by guessing two points within the correct number, 337.

The cheerful phiz and rothund figure of Eli Claggett was there too, but not for sale.

Miss Helen Addison's gentle pleadings to her numerous admirers, that they invade the guessing precincts of her "parlor," were too seductive to resist. Need we say that she made a better showing

than all the rest—No, for "No" was not found in her vocabulary.

Mr. Wm. McElroy, president of the Baltimore Society of the Deaf, found his sweet tooth "aching" and his money gone when he left the confectionery counter. It is always an "ache" with William. Two weeks ago it was in his pedal extremity. We dare say "H. E. S." of the *Register* can suggest a cure.

George M. Leitner, who, to console himself for the absence of his best girl, took her sister, hoped to win the doll, but he didn't. His charge, however, won something better—a handsome pin-cushion—and he was consoled. George lived on "consolation" and ice-cream that evening.

Mr. H. T. Reamy had charge of the cashier's desk. He did not find subtraction in his arithmetic, —only addition and multiplication, and yet he didn't know the sum of  $x$  plus  $y$ !

Rev. Arthur Chilton Powell, Rector of Grace Church, was an active participant in the evening's amusements. His three young boys did not let him forget the ice-cream, and candy.

Rev. J. M. Koehler was expected down from Philadelphia, but the disagreeable weather was doubtless responsible for his non-appearance.

Mr. O. J. Whildin, Lay-Reader in charge of the Mission, left the Divinity School at Philadelphia (of course he did) and came down to take in the last evening of the Fair.

Mr. Philip Boss made an ideal auctioneer—at least his wife thought so, until he himself, was offered at a surprisingly low sum.

A strange though beautiful young tabby wandered in toward the close of the evening, and would have been struck down for eight cents had not the elderly maidens strenuously objected.

Mr. James Mooney's genial countenance was there. He was visibly disappointed when he found he couldn't buy Pepsin chewing gum.

Mrs. J. B. Amoss sat demurely watching the scene from a shaded corner, and wondering why on earth her hubby preferred to stay at home and nurse the latest arrival.

Like a good and dutiful father, Mr. H. J. Gill loaded his pockets with sweetmeats for the young ones at home.

Others present besides those we have already mentioned were: Misses Emma Schulte, Mrs. O. J. Whildin, Iola Petit, Bertha Kreisel, Emma Hare and her mother, Miss Turnt and her mother, Miss Webster and friends, Mr. Lurmann, Mr. Peregro, Miss Fannie Wells and her aunt and friends, Mrs. Addison and daughters, Mrs. Bentz, Mr. Theiss, Mrs. Yewell and friends, Mr. Wm. Bentz, Mr. Ellegood, of Washington, Mr. Conway, Mr. and Mrs. Unsworth Idea and Walley Bomhoff, John Wess, Mrs. Froidenrich, Mr. Nicholson, Miss Roberts and friends, Miss Pletzer, and others whose names we have forgotten.

LATER—The Manager of the Fair estimates that over \$50 was realized.

Miss Lula Pancost's sister, of Virginia, was seen shopping in this city last week. She paid a complimentary visit to Miss Iola Petit before she went home back.

Harry J. Gill's wife is confined to her house with sickness.

J. A. Brandflik is full of his projects of establishing a shoe-shop on his own account. We wish him abundant success.

Mr. Whildin was seen with a broad smile extending fully two inches over each side of his face, when he was informed that the fair was a success.

Harry T. Reamy is minus \$5, having bet on Bryan.

Mr. C. K. Conway is proud of his silver medal, given by the Century Club for his success in a hundred mile race to Frederick.

Mrs. Chas. Wilson (*nee* Miss Dick) is stopping at Millstone, Md., with her parents. She will go to Springfield, O., soon.

There has recently been started in Baltimore, a society to be known as the Crescent Club of the Deaf. The membership of the club is composed in the major part of the younger element. This cannot but be greatly regretted, and for reasons the Baltimore society of the deaf has now reached its fifth year and then in everything in it to warrant encouragement. There is no reason why another society should be started, and still less is there any sense in this continued division and sub-division, which has recently seized them. All should exert united efforts looking towards their uplifting. We sincerely hope that the new society will be the last one started here in Baltimore, and if those responsible for it should see the error of their way, return to their first love, so much the better for all and every thing concerned.

Mrs. Hartley, of Pittsburgh, was seen at Grace Church to-day. She is stopping with her sister in Roland Park.

MYRTLE.

The November issue of the *Silent Messenger*, of Belfast, Ireland, has a half tone cut of J. A. Tillaghast, M. A., Principal of the Ulster (Ireland) Institution.

COLUMBUS.

No Water to Put Out the Fire.

ASLEEP AT LAST.

A Birthdtry Gathering--"A Horrid Mistake" -- Scarlet Fever on the Wane.

From our Columbus Correspondent.

Wednesday evening Superintendent Jones had a bon fire built in the court on the girls' side, and called out the institution fire department to extinguish it. This was as a practice for the boys. Neither they nor the pupils were aware that they were to be summoned. The brigade answered promptly, as did also the officers' department and the children. Well, they left their rooms in pretty good order too. Some of them really imagined that a conflagration of huge proportions under way, when they saw the flames ascending from the pile of combustible material built for the purpose. When the fire brigade came to the scene, and turned on the hose, no water was forthcoming, and of course the flames could not be put out. Something was wrong with the water mains. Some people living in the vicinity became alarmed at the magnitude of the flames, and sent in an alarm for the city fire department. It responded, and when it came upon the scene the fire had subsided. On the whole, this failure of getting water has proved a good thing, for had there really been a fire in the house, and no water to be had when most needed, it would have proved very unfortunate. Yesterday City Fire Chief Heinmiller with officers of the water works came over to the Institution, to find out the cause of the water failing to come through the pipes when the alarm was sent in, and remedy the defect. They are to have another conference this morning on the matter. While here Chief Heinmiller advised the construction of two more cisterns in the rear of the building to be connected with the mains; also the 4000 gallon one in the front yard to be connected with the main on Town Street. These four connections would cost about \$365 and the rear ones about \$25. He also suggested to be built a macadam roadway to the front cistern, as under the present conditions it would be hard for the department to reach it when the ground is soft. He thinks Superintendent Jones has done all he can against fire protection with the funds at hand.

Miss Anna Dye, mention of whom was made in our last letter, as being in a hospital of this city, passed peacefully away Tuesday noon. She lacked one month of being twenty years old. She had been an invalid almost from birth. Yet in all the years she lived, she never complained of her hardships; rather was it her lot to smile, and send sunshine around those associated with her. She found great comfort in the bible, and nothing gave her more pleasure than to take part in the C. E. Society meetings. She left school here last Spring, being in her tenth year.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Grigsby were given a birthday surprise party Saturday evening by a number of their admirers. It was gotten up by Miss Mary Moore, who with Misses Grigsby, Laura Cydrus, Scott and Dresback, and Messrs. Dunn, Haslam and John Davis. They enjoyed a good time with various games, and wound up with the serving of refreshments. The Thursday, evening previous Mr. Grigsby, in honor of his wife's birthday, had prepared a special dinner for the occasion. As it was one out of the ordinary, and feeling that he and family could not do full justice to it, he invited a few friends over to help dispatch it. These were Mrs. P. B. Pier, Mrs. Bard, Miss Moore and Mr. C. W. Charles, who pronounced the meal well worthy of the occasion.

It is now said that the Home will be opened December 10th—Gallaudet Day. The Aid Society here is busy preparing for the event. Last week the purchasing committee made quite an outlay for the two rooms the Society is to furnish, and to-day the committee will make another purchase of needed articles. The Fessenbeck sisters of Cincinnati, who agreed to furnish a room from their own means, have sent the furniture and things up.

Wednesday morning, instead of the regular teacher delivering the lecture, Mr. Jones occupied the stage and gave his first lecture since he became Superintendent. He appeared an old hand at pantomime, and his lecture was easily understood by the pupils.

The first snow of the season seen hereabouts put in an appearance Sunday. There was not much of it, only a fore runner of what is to come later on, perhaps.

Here is a good case of go away from home to learn the news.

A HORRID MISTAKE

A dispatch from Springfield says: The Wittenberg foot ball eleven defeated the team from the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Columbus here Wednesday afternoon, by a score of 36 to 6. The visitors scored their points by an unusual and funny play. During the last half Columbus kicked the ball which was handled by Idle of Wittenberg, who passed it to Crane, of Columbus, thinking he was John Miller, of his own team. The resemblance between the two players is very striking. Crane made a run around the end and scored a touchdown. Batterworth, of Columbus, was badly injured and was carried from the field.

Every word in the item may be correct except that the club from our institution was forty-five miles away from Springfield, being right here in Columbus, each member attending diligently to his books or work. Just how they managed to get Crane there and keeping the club from a whitewash, is also a mystery. Very likely the institution club not putting in an appearance some other club was engaged, and thus the players got their names mixed up.

Mrs. Elmer Elsey is up at her parents' home, Kenton, packing up household goods. Mr. and Mrs. Elsey expect to go to housekeeping shortly.

Miss Annie Littell is spending a week with relatives and friends in Cleveland.

The scarlet fever cases reported in our last letter are all convalescing. There are only eight, and half of this number will be out from the hospital Monday. The others are not confined to bed. We were in error in stating that with one exception the patients were all confined to the girls' side. The fact is they have been equally divided among the two sexes. A. B. G.

Nov. 14, '96.

Virginia Institution.

So much has been said about the Virginia Institution and its new superintendent, that not a few have the impression that school is not keeping abreast of progress in educating the deaf who are housed in that institution. Mr. Guilford D. Eurlitt, an experienced teacher, and editor of the *Goodson Gazette*, the Virginia Institution's newspaper, has the following, which ought to set at rest all doubts concerning the onward progress of the school:

We have never known a time when the pupils were doing better work than they are doing now. There is a spirit of friendly rivalry existing among the members of every class which stimulates each one to put forth his best efforts. The teachers are working together in perfect harmony, and the machinery of every department is moving at high pressure. Certainly there is very indication now of a most successful session. It is not too much for us to say that our new Superintendent has already acquired a considerable knowledge of the language, and that he has become thoroughly familiar with the duties of his office. He is an indefatigable worker and a constant learner.

The friends of the Virginia School, will no doubt be glad, and the deaf in general rejoice that their unfortunate brethren in Virginia are doing so well.

The only thing to be regretted, however, is the fact that the last Legislature reduced the annual appropriation from \$37,500 to \$35,000, a circumstance, Prof. Eurlitt says, "which is to be greatly lamented, for the session of 1896-7 has opened with an unprecedented number of pupils which, of course, will increase the amount of necessary expenses." A. QUAD.

The Arm Alphabet.

Mr. Ranald Douglas is correct. The arm alphabet was not the invention of Charles Parker, but of a Danish artist who taught drawing to the High Class at the old Institution on 50th Street in 1852—53, of which class I was a member and Isaac Lewis Peet the teacher. I cannot recall the artist's name, but well remember his showing us the drawings in our school room one day, telling us he had got them up the night before. He had hopes the alphabet would be of use to seafaring men. I met Parker peddling some 20 years ago, and charged him with stealing the alphabet, but he claimed he had bought the right to use it. Of course, he could not give the name of the man he bought it of. E. P. MOREHOUSE.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS., NOV. 13.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES, NOVEMBER 22d.

SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE ADVENT, THREE P. M.

St. Ann's in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, N. Y. St. Mark's Church, Adelphi Street, Brooklyn. St. Peter's Church, Port Chester.

Thanksgiving Day Service.

November 26th—Thanksgiving Day, 10.30 A. M. (St. Ann's), combined service interpreted for deaf-mutes by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

November 29th.

FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT, 3 P. M.

Services for deaf-mutes in St. Ann's Church, New York, temporarily worshipping at the corner of West Eleventh Street and Waverly Place. A celebration of the Holy Communion.

FANWOOD.

Fanwood Defeated on the Gridiron.

UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK, 24; FANWOOD, 0.

A Detailed Description of the Game.

Specialty Reported for the JOURNAL.

The Fanwood Foot-ball team was defeated last Saturday by the University of New York, on the latter's ground, "Ohio Field." The score was 24 to 0. It was the Fanwoods' hardest game, for the University of New York has unquestionably a strong eleven this year, having defeated Stevens Institute, 40 to 0; New Jersey Athletic Club, 22 to 0; Xavier College, 26 to 0; Mont Clair Athletic Club, 14 to 0, and two other equally strong teams. On the day in question that they defeated the Fanwoods, they were to meet Rutgers, but the later team, on account of a crippled condition, cancelled the game, so they sent word for Fanwood to play them a game. Since the University of New York has moved to its new site on University Heights, the students have taken more interest in sports. "Ohio Field" is situated right on the banks over looking the Hudson River. The gridiron is one of the best to be found for miles around, but the strong wind, which was blowing at the rate of a mile a minute, made the playing anything but pleasant, and the spectators who paid an admission to see the contest shivered.

When the teams came out for practice they were cheered by their supporters. The JOURNAL scribe predicted a crushing defeat of 60 to 0 in favor of the University boys, or rather men, for more than one were men, and outweighed the Fanwoods not a little—how much, I can not say.

The Fanwoods won the toss, and chose the west side with the wind in their favor. The teams lined up as follows:

FANWOOD.	POSITIONS.	U. OF N. Y.
Marks,	Left end,	Roper
J. Ayens,	Left tackle,	Dyer
Allen,	Left guard,	Risley
Miller,	Centre,	Barringer
Konkel,	Right guard,	Poster
Kiernan,	Right tackle,	Carpenter
Ellis,	Right end,	Fetherstone
Moslein,	Quarter back,	Russell
Bachman,	Left half back,	Valentine
Izquierdo,	Right half back,	Hayer
F. G. Cook,	Full back,	Keane

Mr. F. Cann, Referee; Mr. H. Ely, Umpire; Linesmen Mr. Heerd and a University Student; Timekeeper, C. L. Wilcox.

The game began at 3.35 P. M., although it was advertised to begin at 3 P. M.

Two of the Fanwood players of the regular team, McVea and Prinsizing, are on the sick list, so their places were filled by Konkel and Miller, but of course not as well.

The game that the Fanwood eleven put up was a surprise, even to the university students. True, the Fanwoods had the advantage of the wind, but the University players had the encouragement of their followers, who yelled encouragingly to them. The Fanwoods, too, had supporters, not only from the Fanwood school, but from the team and players of the College of the City of New York, their rival, whom they are to play again on Saturday, November 28th, at the Berkeley Oval, but being deaf, they heard not what would have no doubt inspired them more.

The game was in two halves of 35 minutes each.

It took the university boys twenty minutes to score the first touchdown, and they only secured one more touchdown in the first half, and as Valentine was successful at both goals, the score was: University of New York, 12; Fanwood, 0.

When time was called the ball was on the University of New York's two yards line. Izquierdo had been sent through the centre for a touchdown, but somehow the ball was snatched or punched from his hold, and as the umpire did not see it done, the ball was given to the University of New York, because one of their men had fallen on it. Of course there was some kicking, but it availed nothing, the referee would not change his decision, so the teams lined up to play again. The ball had hardly been put in play again, when time was called.

SECOND HALF.

The University boys had every thing in their favor in the second half, the wind and the student body as rooters, but all they could do was to make twelve more points, a safety, which was a fluke, and two more touchdowns, of which Valentine was successful at only one goal.

The punting of Bachman, of the Fanwoods, was good, and was considered far superior to that of Valentine, but Captain Cook did not give him an opportunity to try a goal from the field, although the Fanwoods were more than once on the University of New York's twenty-five yard line.

The best play of the game was the fake kick, a new trick of the Fanwood's, which proved successful twice. In the first try Cook made a run of 20, and Izquierdo another of 35 yards.

Arthur Izquierdo made the most gains, and the interference put up by the Fanwoods showed improvement all around.

In the second half, Ellis was hurt, and Moeslein took his place. Captain Cook was hurt twice, but was ready before the allotted time was up, and in the next fray would be found just under the heap.

To Allen must be given credit; it was he who prevented gains, his tackling was fine, and more than once the University boys could not hold him; indeed most of the gains were made by his fine interference. He made it hot work for his opponent to try to hold him.

After the game the yell of triumph was given by the University of New York. The Fanwoods, too, made known they could yell, and followed suit, and yelled the school yell, and were applauded by the University students on the field.

The University students were surprised at the fine game put up by the Fanwoods, and said that it was the best team they lined up against this season. They wanted to know who had been coaching the team, and when told that none had rendered them assistance they were more than surprised. Their chief coach is Mr. T. W. Bull, the famous ex-Yale player.

Saturday afternoon, November 28th, the Fanwoods play off the tie game with the College City of New York at Berkeley Oval. It promises to be a great game, as both teams are evenly matched. Tickets for the game are out and can be had from Manager Fox, Station M, New York City.

The De La Salle team played a practice game with the Fanwood last Friday afternoon, and on Monday in a championship game with the Berkeley team, they proved worthy pupils by winning the game by 6 to 0.

On Friday evening 20th, our Basket-ball team meet the crack five of Dr. Savage's Institute for Physical Culture, at their Gymn, 59th Street and 8th Avenue.

A. QUAD.

Apron and Tie Party.

On Thursday evening, November 12th, a large number of deaf-mutes and hearing assembled at the cosy home of Mr. and Mrs. Schloss, of Brooklyn, to assist them in giving to their daughter, Miss Ceila Schloss, an apron and tie surprise party. About thirty-five guests came to wish Miss Schloss "many happy returns of the day." Several games were played, the most enjoyable being the game of "tailing the donkey." She received the guests in a pretty dress of white, trimmed with gold silk ribbon. At 11:30 P. M., a very nice collation was served in the dining room. In the centre of the table was a huge and handsome large round cake, with fancy frost ornamenting, ice cream, lemonade and coffee. There were present besides the above named, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Vetterlein, of Brooklyn; Miss Ida Abrams, of Whitestone, L. I.; Misses Laura Brink, Eeka, Iszen, Cohen, and her two sisters, P. Walsh, E. Smith, L. Reid, S. Costello, Messrs. Schloss and J. Wollmann, of Huntington, L. I., and other hearing. They left late in the morning, after an enjoyable time.

MR. JOHN ACKLEY.

No doubt Messrs. Porter, Palmer and Nash will recollect the incident that occurred in the High Class apartment at Fanwood during the Christmas Holidays of 1883, when Mr. John Ackley was a guest of the school, and they, with the writer undergraduates, Mr. Ackley was on the eve of joining his life's fate with the sister of Miss Elizabeth Williams, who was recently found confined in an insane asylum in East Orange, N. J. Mr. John Ackley had graduated many years before from Fanwood, when it was located at Fifth Street, the present site of Columbia College. It was indeed a memorable night, and worthy of the man who was on the morrow to renounce bachelorhood, declared the next day, that it was the most enjoyable evening he ever spent. The undergraduates also enjoyed themselves, and on parting on the morrow all wished Mr. John Ackley a prosperous career with his fair bride. The writer never heard of him afterwards until the Elizabeth Williams discovery, and desires through the medium of the JOURNAL to express his sympathy at the fate that befell Mr. Ackley's sister-in-law, and feels sure that Mr. G. S. Porter, of Trenton, N. J.; Mr. M. R. Palmer, of Albany, N. Y.; and Mr. J. Nash, of Newark, N. J.; will join him, if they recall that eventful evening in the High Class apartment at Fanwood.

A. QUAD.



## UTAH INSTITUTION.

From the Salt Lake Tribune.

Through the medium of the public schools, the State provides a free education for its youth. Thousands of bright boys and girls, possessed of all their faculties—able to see, to hear and to talk—troop into the public schoolrooms of the State every morning and are taught by employees of the State. If the thousands of dollars spent in educating these bright boys and girls to be able to care of themselves and become useful members of society is a necessary and a profitable expenditure, and it certainly is, how much more necessary is it for the State to provide means for educating those of its children who are born without the senses of sight or hearing, those who cannot see, cannot hear, cannot talk—to whom life must seem a dreary waste of years. That the State of Utah has made ample and generous provision for the education and training of its future citizens who are thus afflicted, is one of the glories of the grand new State of Utah.

The State School for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind is now located in Ogden, as one of the changes incident to the coming of Statehood to Utah, and its location, the magnificent buildings surrounded by acres of lawn and flowers, other acres of garden land, make it one of the attractive spots of the city and state. For convenience and beauty of location it is not surpassed by any other State institution.

## THE BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS

which now form the home of this school are those recently belonging to the State Industrial school, formerly the territorial Reform school. There are two large buildings surrounded by fifty-seven acres of fine land with water-right. In front of the buildings the grounds are beautifully laid out in a lawn, drives, walks and flower-beds, the whole forming an attractive view. The buildings have been remodeled extensively in the interior arrangement to meet the demands of the school. The front building is so arranged as to be used on the first floor for the schoolrooms and offices, on the second floor for the dormitories, and on the third floor for dormitories and the girls' sewing rooms. The basement has the stormy-weather playrooms, the general closets and boys' reading room. This building is divided, two wings extending southeastward, and northwestward from the main entrance. In the east wing the two upper floors are devoted to the use of the boys, while the west wing is given over to the girls, neither being allowed to cross into that portion of the buildings allotted to the other. On the second and third floors, between the two wings are large airy rooms for library, music and art rooms and matron's room, while a dispensary is one of the useful adjuncts of the school, it being a large case in the hall near the matron's rooms. The dormitories, or sleeping-rooms for the boys are divided so that the small boys occupy one room, boys from about 9 to 14 another, and the older boys a third room, and the girls' dormitories are arranged the same way. These rooms are all large, well lighted and airy, and so arranged that all on each side can be opened and visited by the night keepers within a few feet of the keeper's room. The beds are clean and inviting looking, and it is a rule of the school that each pupil must make and care for his own bed. On the third floor is also the hospital for boys and for girls. This is arranged with bathrooms and closet for the two compartments, and fitted up with beds, chairs and tables, together with various articles to amuse and interest those who are unfortunate enough to be placed in the hospital.

## SECOND BUILDING.

In the building to the rear are the dining-rooms, kitchen, industrial rooms, assembly room, etc. On the top floor are found the shoe shop, carpenter shop and printing office, where the deaf and dumb boys are taught carpenter work, shoemaking and printing. The boys are divided off into the various rooms as their tastes or desires may indicate, or as it may appear best, and a certain time each afternoon is spent learning the work of the trade. On Saturdays several hours in the morning are spent in the workshops instead of in the schoolrooms, school work only being continued five days during each week.

In the shoe shop nearly a dozen boys are employed, and here Mr. William McCleery, an experienced workman, has charge, teaching the boys the intricacies of how to make shoes. The samples of work shown indicate that the boys are apt students and become most proficient workmen.

In the carpenter shop about twenty boys are employed, and during the work hours it is a busy sight that meets the eye, the boys planing, sawing, joining, fitting, doing everything to be done with carpenter's tools, and each following plans and drawings. This shop is under the care of Mr. Nephi Larson, a deaf-mute graduate of the

school, who used to be one of the most skillful carpenters in the State. The elegant oak sideboard which took first premium at the last Territorial fair, and which is on exhibition and in use in the superintendent's dining-room, is largely the work of Mr. Larson. He instructs the young carpenters in all kinds of work.

One of the things done here is to repair everything broken about the institution, from a chair to a bureau.

The printing office is under charge of T. C. Hume, a practical printer, and here eight or ten of the boys are learning the art preservative. The office is surprisingly well equipped for a small office, the display type being well selected so as to give a chance for the cultivation of the artistic in job and advertising work. Some of the specimens of this kind of work are particularly good, showing artistic ability. Here is published the *Deseret Eagle*, the paper edited and published by the pupils. Some of the copies shown are highly interesting. A subscription price is charged and advertising is solicited at so much per inch per year, and from the proceeds of this paper much of this material of this office has been purchased.

On the ground floor, in the front hallway is a large case containing exhibits of the work of the boys and girls, the case itself having been made by the boys in the carpenter shop. Here the fancy and art work by the girls is shown to good advantage. Opening out of this hall is the large dining-room, back of which is the kitchen. Opening out of the large dining-hall to the right is the private dining-room of the officers, while to the left a door opens into the assembly-room, where all the pupils gather in the morning for religious exercises and lectures. The superintendent's private dining-room is to the rear of the assembly hall.

## ACCESSORIES.

In the basement are the plunge baths, coal bins, boilers, washrooms, storage-rooms, etc. To the old boiler has been added a water tank of 200 gallons capacity, through which passes a steam coil from the steam boiler, and from this the hot water is supplied to all the bathrooms throughout both buildings. Here the steam is generated which heats the two buildings, the steam being carried to the front building through an underground iron pipe. By means of this extra hot-water boiler the hot water is furnished the buildings at no extra expense during the season when the steam boiler is kept running. The buildings have only been occupied by this school less than a month, and many contemplated changes have not yet been completed. It is intended to employ the boys during the spring and fall in gardening, and for this purpose the grounds of the school will be put into crops which will save largely in the matter of expense.

## ATTENDANCE.

There are now in attendance at this school sixty-one pupils, and even this number fills the building so that very many new additions would mean considerable crowding. Of these sixty-one pupils eight are in the blind department, and eight come from Idaho. It is expected that this number of pupils will be increased materially before the close of the school year.

Among all the officers of the institution, one whose duties are as onerous and as weighty as any other, is that of matron. She it is, with her assistant, who has charge of the general supervision of the girls, and of all the work about their instruction which usually devolves upon a matron.

In this position Mrs. Martha Shields is an ideal officer. Here and there and everywhere she goes looking after this detail and that, instructing the girls in sewing and fancy work, and caring for them in a motherly fashion, and does much toward making her charges feel contented. In this work she is competently assisted by her daughter, Miss Alice Shields. Mrs. Shields has been the matron of the school for four or five years, and from her can be learned many things of interest connected with the educational work among these pupils.

## THE METHODS.

But by far the most interesting part of a visit to this institution is a study of the painstaking methods of educating these young people. The blind department is under the charge of Miss Sara Whalen, a teacher who has devoted years of her life to the teaching of the blind. She comes to this school from the New York State school for the blind at Batavia, N. Y., prior to that having been connected with the celebrated Perkins institute for the blind at Boston. She uses the most advanced methods in her work and is familiar with all the various applications necessary to reach the understanding of the different pupils. The pupils are taught to read and write by raised letters and raised signs, and they pick up the work very readily. Basket-making, chair cane-seating and music are some of the accomplishments

taught the blind, many of them displaying a great aptitude for music and accuracy in instrumentation. There are eight blind in the institution, and five blind applications.

One department, which requires care, patience, skill and especial adaptability, is called the oral department, under the care of Miss Catherine King, a lady who fulfills the requirements well. In this department little tots, that show evidence of being able to use their vocal organs, who can hear and yet have not learned to articulate sounds, are taught to speak, or at least an earnest effort is made to develop the articulating power.

In all this work the guiding and controlling spirit is of course Prof. Frank W. Metcalf, whose reputation as an educator in connection with the deaf and dumb school work is too well known to need comment. To him is largely due the attention which the State is now paying to this work, and the extent of the appropriations which have enabled the work to be carried along so successfully and with such bright prospects for the future. Prof. Metcalf's whole soul is in the school and its advancement, and he leaves no stone unturned that will be of advantage to the work. Under his direction the various departments of the institution move along harmoniously and smoothly, and the educational and industrial progress of the pupils is something remarkable. Although the school is in its infancy, the State of Utah can well be proud of it. A few years of growth will make it one of the leading institutions of its kind in the whole country.

## GREENSBURG, PA.

Recently a mute female peddler, whose name slipped the writer's memory, was in town for the purpose of selling alphabetical cards.

Miss Nannie Bush, having left school at Edgewood last June, is keeping home for her widowed father, who lives on a farm not far from the city. The report that she is married is without foundation.

Newton Beatty, hailing from McKeesport, stopped off here the other day on his way home from Connellsville, Pa., whither he had gone in quest of work. He has been promised a new job in a new lock works, at the last named place. He says that the works will start up about the 16th of November, giving employment to a large percentage of men. I learn from his talk that Richard Stout, lately of Brushston, but now of Connellsville, is at work in a brass works, and is doing well.

Thursday last marked the re-summation of the Edgar Thomson Steel Works in all departments, Braddock, with bright prospects, after almost a discouraging year of tribulations and trials.

The youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hogenmiller, of Jeanette, has a severe attack of whooping cough. John F. V. Long, a tonsorial artist of Mt. Pleasant, has purchased a seven-roomed dwelling for \$1500, at that place, which is said to be a structure of neatness. It is 16 to 1 that John is entirely proud of his comfortable home.

Mr. James Pool, of New Stanton, after the past two years occupied on the Cyrus Pool farm, has moved back to the place where his aged mother now resides. It is understood that Mr. Pool is going to put up an addition to the end of the mother's house for himself this fall, which will contain two rooms. He will hereafter devote most of his time to the management of his mother's farm.

Much surprise was expressed when that versatile correspondent, "F. P. G.," remarked that William Humphreys, formerly of Pittsburgh, became a Benedict. Is his bride a deaf or hearing lady, and where did she originally come from?

Wonders never cease! About two months ago, one morning, when George Botts, a young man of this city, awakened, he, much to his surprise, discovered that his speech was gone. He had since been unable to speak a word. Only a week ago it was restored.

Rev. Mr. Mann conducted service on Sunday afternoon at Trinity Church, at which there was a large congregation present. He baptized the baby of Mr. and Mrs. William Becker, of Pittsburgh, and named it Bertha Schultzy Becker. Also at the morning service the Holy Communion was celebrated by about twenty-five deaf-members. A young deaf-man, whose name your scribe could not mention, received confirmation. Others will do likewise.

Mr. B. R. Allabough, of Edgewood, teaches a Bible Class and holds services in the vestry of Trinity Church at Pittsburgh every Sabbath. It is gratifying to note the fact that the number of the class is growing nowadays.

In the absence of Mr. Cook, of Pittsburgh, who is now attending the University of Chicago, Prof. Downing, one of the teachers at the Edgewood Mute School, takes his place as interpreter for the benefit of the deaf members, at the Fourth Avenue Baptist Church, Pittsburgh. IMPERATOR.

## BELFAST, IRELAND.

A most successful meeting of the above Society was held in the Mission Hall for the Adult Deaf and Dumb, 11 Fisherwick Place, on Friday evening, when Head-Constable Stringer, R. I. C., delivered a lecture on "The Police Force." The lecturer, who was introduced by Mr. W. E. Harris, in a few well-chosen words, or rather signs, traced inception, development, and final stereotyping of the police forces of the world, their numbers, dress, and duties in various countries, and the comparative merit and demerits of the officers and men in the great centres of criminal detection. Russia, he said, came first for secret service police; France was the greatest in detective service; German police were more or less political agents; and although the guardians of the public peace in the British empire were inferior to the Russian and French—which was perhaps a compliment to the citizens of the empire, who gave them less opportunity for practice—they stood easily first for organization, discipline, and physique. A cordial vote of thanks was passed by the silent audience, who had followed the lecturer with the greatest interest and delight. The motion was proposed by Mr. James H. Cousins, seconded by Mr. W. Baird. Mr. J. A. Tillinghast, M.A., acted as a most skillful interpreter. —*The Northern Whig*, Oct. 19.

## BUFFALO, N. Y.

Mr. Frank Baumgart was arrested last week for stealing a bicycle twice, once in June and again now. He painted it and removed the pedals, but the policeman found it out by the number on it. He is now lingering in jail, awaiting the decision of the Court.

Mr. and Mrs. Klein have returned from their honeymoon, and are now at home to their friends.

Mr. Charles Voss came near losing his right hand by a buzz-saw last week.

On the 14th of December, a lecture will give by the deaf by Rev. Mr. Smith, interpreted by Rev. Mr. Berry.

Mr. Volker has returned from his trip to Little Rock, Arkansas.

Miss Clara Smith has returned home to Gouverneur, N. Y., after a pleasant visit in Buffalo.

Miss M. A. Carroll invited a few friends of Miss Clara Smith to meet her, at her residence. They spent a quiet but very pleasant evening, playing cards, conversing, etc., etc.

The St. Mary's Literary Society will have a reception on Thanksgiving evening. Each member is privileged to invite a friend. A very pleasant evening is anticipated.

## STARLOCK.

## Nashua, N. H.

The members of the Nashua Battalion N. H. N. G., turned out this evening to honor their Colonel, who is Mayor-elect of Nashua, N. H. The battalion, head by the Second Regiment Band, marched to the residence of Col. Jason E. Tolles, commander of the Second Regiment. Here the militia boys halted, and gave three ringing cheers for Col. Tolles. The Colonel was congratulated on his election as Mayor of Nashua, and in a few pleasant words thanked the boys for their visit. The Col. then invited the boys to go the armory to partake of a lunch served by Caterer De Luca.

Col. Tolles, is the second one of the Tolles family who will have the honor of Mayor. His brother James H. Tolles was mayor of Nashua three years. They are both nephews of Mr. Pelatiah J. Wright, of Lowell, Mass., who is a deaf-mute.

He that fortells his own calamity, and make events before they come, doth twice endure the pains of evil destiny.—*Davenant*.

## Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

NOVEMBER.  
14—7:30 P.M., Grand Rapids, Lecture or Social.  
15—10:30 A.M., Grand Rapids, Holy Communion.  
15—3 P.M., Grand Rapids, Evening Prayer and Sermon.  
20—7:30 P.M., Mansfield, O., Evening Service.  
21—7:30 P.M., Cleveland.  
22—10:30 A.M., Cleveland, Holy Communion.  
22—4:30 P.M., Painesville, Special Service.  
23—Evening, Detroit.  
29—10:30 A.M., Detroit, Holy Communion.  
29—3 P.M., Detroit, Evening Service.

Appointments may be made between the above named dates, in which case due notice will be given.

Other appointments will follow. Write the Rev. A. W. Mann, at Gambier, Ohio. Gambier is the seat of Old Kenyon College, Kenyon Theological Seminary, Kenyon Military Academy, and Harcourt School for Young Ladies. It is a place of unsurpassed beauty. The College and Seminary were founded seventy years ago by Philander Chase, D.D., first Bishop of Ohio.

## Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

NOVEMBER.  
20—7:30 P.M., Trinity, Utica.  
22—10 A.M., Zion, Rome.  
23—3:00 P.M., St. Paul's, Syracuse.  
Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER,  
17 Glenwood Ave.,  
Rochester, N. Y.

## THE BUG REMOVED.

JERSEY BOY WAS BECOMING CRAZY WITH AN INSECT IN HIS EAR.

CAMDEN, N. J., Nov. 7.—Jacob Fisher, a son of a resident of Lindenwood, this county, while walking with his mother about two years ago felt something fly into his ear. Immediately the ear began to pain him and he was nearly driven crazy. His parents tried in every way to get the object out, but were unsuccessful. Finally the boy began to show signs of becoming deaf, and then it was decided that an operation should be performed to remove the obstacle from Jacob's ear.

The operation was performed yesterday, and the surgeon who conducted it succeeded in removing a bug which had flown into his ear. The boy's hearing became improved and there are now prospects that he will not lose his hearing.—*New York Daily News*.

## Not Caused by an Opal.

Here is a story showing how to account for bad luck:

A man was shaking dice in a store. He lost. "No wonder," said a bystander. "You're wearing an opal. You never will have luck." This set the man to thinking. Four days later he slipped in getting off a street car and sprained his ankle. This decided him. He gave the pin to a friend who was on the Board of Trade, and who was too hard-headed to entertain any fool notions about the number 13, or black cats, or cross-eyed girls with red hair. Nevertheless, when this Board of Trade man lost over \$10,000 on wheat he began to worry. He did not care much for the pin anyway, and so one day when a young man in his office admired the "fire" in the stone, he said, "Take it along, if you like it."

The young man overwhelmed him with thanks. Then he waited, with guilty knowledge, to see what would happen to the young man. He did not have to wait long. The very next week the employee was taken ill, and he missed four days at the office.

The Board of Trade man was troubled in conscience, so he told his young friend about the opal pin and the superstition attaching to it, and the employee, after deliberation, decided that he would give the pin to his girl.

The opal did very rapid and effective work after it became the property of the young woman. On the second day after she began to wear it she ignited a curtain in attempting to light the gas. The curtain was destroyed, and the young woman burned both of her hands in attempting to extinguish the blaze.

The young man who had given the stone to her felt called upon to apologize.

"Perhaps it was that opal I gave you," said he. "You know, an opal is supposed to carry bad luck with it. I didn't tell you, because I'm not superstitious."

"I'll not wear the dreadful thing a day longer," said she.

So she didn't. She gave it to her brother, who scoffed at the suggestion that a little stone could wield any influence, good or bad. Nevertheless, when he started for Cincinnati and the train ran off the track and he was tossed half the length of the car, he became converted.

"I'll not give it to anybody else to be a Jonah," said he. "I'll sell it to a jeweller."

So he went to the jeweller and said: "What'll you give me for this opal?"

The jeweller looked at it and said: "That isn't an opal; that's a cat's-eye."

## A Lamp Without Flame.

To instantly obtain a light sufficient to read the time by a watch or clock at night, without danger of setting things on fire, is an easy matter. Take an oblong vial of the clearest of glass, put into it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea, pour upon this some pure olive oil, heated to the boiling point, the bottle is to be filled about one third full, then cork tightly. To use the light remove the cork, allow the air to enter, then recork. The whole empty space in the bottle will then become luminous, and the light obtained will be a good one. As soon as the light becomes dim its power can be increased by opening the bottle and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter.

## Photos

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## Pach's

Convention Orders are now completed. Rain in early part of summer and extreme heat later delayed the work.

By September 5th

all should have received their picture. Send \$1.00, \$1.35 or \$2.00 (latter is a handsome "Queen panel") for your convention group, if you have not already ordered one.

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